

London, June 16, 1877.

Dear Miss Estlin:

Just as I was leaving the hotel at Oxford this morning for this great city, a letter from dear Mary Carpenter, dated Bristol, June 14, was put into my hands, having been forwarded to me by my London bankers, in which she warmly congratulated ~~and~~ me and my son on our safe and speedy passage across the Atlantic, and expressed the pleasure she felt at the prospect of soon seeing us in Bristol, wishing to know whether certain arrangements she contemplated making would be agreeable to us. As soon as we arrived at the station, a copy of the Daily News was purchased, when, to our amazement and sorrow, we read an announcement of the sudden death of Miss Carpenter on Thursday night, of heart disease; so that it seems not very im-

probable that the letter referred to was the last one she ever penned. This afflicting event furnishes another startling instance of the uncertainty of human life; and, succeeding that of the death of the beloved brother Philip at Montreal, makes a double bereavement in a short space.

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the North wind's
breath,
And stars to set; — but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh
Death!"

How comforting, in any such case, is the recollection of a well-spent life! — especially when that life was extended beyond three score years and ten. What a beneficent example of womanhood was set by her who has been so suddenly translated to a higher sphere of activity, thereby adding

to the number of "ministering spirits," who, though unseen by mortal eyes, are still busy in succoring the wretched and saving the lost! How she will be missed in the field of philanthropy at home and abroad! And upon whom will her mantle fall?

The kind reception she was preparing for me and my beloved son will ever be gratefully remembered by us. Under the circumstances, we may now properly accept your proffered hospitality, unabridged, during the short time we can remain in Bristol; and, while it will be gratifying to us to see, informally and socially, any friends who may wish to extend to us a welcome hand, we must beg to have nothing attempted beyond this.

If I knew any of the bereaved relatives to whom a letter of condolence might be properly written, I would send it at once.

Yours in warmest sympathy,
Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

MS. A.1.2. v.41 p.72(a)